

STORIES OF THE WEST

Adventures Narrated Around a Wyoming Camp Fire.

SKINNED ALIVE BY INDIANS

A Trapper's Narrow Escape—How a Cherokee Murderer's Life Was Saved—An Unsuccessful Raid.

Adjutant General Klee is recognized as the best story teller to be found in the state house, and almost every day a group of listeners may be seen at the headquarters of the state military department, listening with both ears to the interesting tales that fall from the lips of the popular official, says the *Denver News*. Through his varied experience on the western border General Klee has gathered an apparently inexhaustible fund of information from which he is able to draw at a moment's notice.

Yesterday the general was in a story-telling mood, and although he dislikes nothing so much as newspaper notoriety, a few choice selections from his repertoire will be ventured upon.

"It was about 20 years ago," said he, as his circle of listeners settled into the cushioned chairs and the smoke from half a dozen cigars began to climb toward the ceiling, "that my company was stationed at Fort Griffin, Texas. In the neighborhood of the fort lived the remnants of a tribe of Indians called the Toncorays. This tribe had once been a powerful body, but in a war with the Comanches the power of the tribe was completely broken, and at the time of which I speak not more than 100 able-bodied warriors could be mustered for the grand buffalo hunt.

"One day a friendly Toncoray invited myself and several friends to witness the 'creation dance.' This was held but once a year and it was said that we were the first white men ever permitted to be present during the ceremony. Shortly before noon we reached the Indian village and were ushered into a large tepee where the performance was to be held. The spectators sat on the ground, leaving an open space in the middle, like the ring of a circus. A narrow passage was kept open through which the dancers were admitted to the circle from a neighboring wigwam. The idea to be portrayed by the Indians was that a sunbeam had imbedded itself in the earth, from which the first warrior of the tribe originated. The sun was allowed to shine through a narrow aperture in the upper part of the tepee, striking the ground near the center of the circle. Soon a number of squaws entered and a representation of winter was given by scattering withered leaves and little bits of white paper in the air to indicate a fall of snow. Pretty soon from the adjoining wigwam the cries of wolves and coyotes were heard and a score of young bucks, clad in wolf skins, came running into the circle upon all fours. The new-comers set up the most unearthly howls and barks, giving perfect imitations of the wolf and coyote. Did you ever hear a wolf howl?"

Receiving an answer in the negative the story teller gave an imitation of the wolf's cry that fairly made the blood of his listeners run cold. Then he proceeded with his account of the creation act. After the wolves and coyotes had worked up the proper enthusiasm, they began to scratch furiously in the earth, stopping now and then to send up the unearthly sounds that were familiar to the ears of the early pioneers of the west. All at once the grave diggers rushed into the opening of the tepee, and in a twinkling, they emerged bringing with them a live Toncoray, clad in all the gorgeous panoply of war. The redskin had previously been buried in a safe place to be resurrected by his brethren. The ceremony concluded with the adoption of the stranger by the wolves.

Another incident was related by the general, illustrating the brutal nature of the Indian and the terrible dangers to which the white pioneers of the West were subjected. About twenty miles from Fort Griffin lived a frontiersman with his wife and two charming daughters. The latter were handsome and bright girls, 16 and 18 years of age, and made a perceptible impression on the hearts of the soldiers, who were often attracted to the little cabin far away in the forest to enjoy the society of its inmates. There were no Indians roaming through different parts of Texas and the frontiersmen kept a sharp eye out in protection of the daring frontiersman and his family, but, unfortunately for them all, the garrison was ordered north on an expedition into Indian territory and strangers occupied the fort. After an absence of more than a month the former garrison was returned to Fort Griffin.

At the first opportunity a party of which General Klee was a member, rode out on a visit to their old friends. What was their horror at discovering that the cabin was burned to the ground and that the two girls had been carried away by the Indians. Near the ruins of the cabin were found the mutilated bodies of the settler and his wife. The alarm was immediately sounded and the search begun for the missing girls. All the soldiers that could be spared from the post rode night and day in a vain effort to hunt down the savages, who numbered about thirty and the captives mounted and strung every nerve to escape with their booty. The red devils were successful and for six weeks no trace could be discovered of the captives. Rumors were heard, stating that the girls had been frightfully treated by the savage brutes, and after a month of suffering had been loaned for a month to a party of sixteen white teamsters who were on their way to Santa Fe. Time passed and the poor unfortunates had been given up as dead, when a troop of cavalrymen came unexpectedly upon a body of Indians camping on the prairie. The soldiers charged so quickly that the Indians were obliged to leave upon their ponies and flee for their lives, leaving their entire campaign outfit in the hands of the attacking party. Several covered wagons, which had been taken from emigrants, formed part of the paraphernalia, and in one of these wagons the lost captives were found. The once beautiful girls had been changed to mumping imbeciles, beyond all hope of ever recovering their health or mental faculties. The delight which the soldiers took in hunting down the savages of this double outrage may be better imagined than described.

"The two girls were placed in the care of friendly Osages in Indian territory and congress a short time after passed an act granting a yearly pension of \$1,000 to each of the unfortunates."

The bravery of the soldier was a subject of conversation at the adjutant general's office yesterday. One gentleman claimed that this quality is one of the most common of the human attributes and that but little credit is due to any man for gallantry on the field of battle. General Klee did not disagree with the opinion. "Bravery is largely a matter of pride," said he, "sometimes depends on the condition of the liver." The general then illustrated his assertion by a sketch of the remarkable career of Major Joseph Rendlebrook of the Fourth regular cavalry. This man was connected with the regular army for 28 years and was considered as par excellence, the bravest soldier in the army. At Resaca, during the great rebellion, General Lew Wallace rode up to the colonel of one of the regiments and directed that the regiment should move upon a concealed battery which was playing havoc with the union ranks. The colonel expostulated with General Wallace on the rashness of the undertaking and after both officers had reconnoitered the position they agreed that it was impracticable. Rendlebrook was then a sergeant of one of the companies of the regiment. Stepping forward he saluted his colonel, and said in broken English:

"Colonel, gif me twelf men and I'll yump 'em."

"The officer laughed in the face of the sergeant, but said:

"If you can get 12 volunteers, I have no objection."

To the complete astonishment of his superiors, the sergeant got the 12 volunteers and at the end of 20 minutes had captured the battery. From that time forward he was known as "Old Yump Em."

For this brave act he was made first lieutenant of this company on the field and on account of gallant conduct in later battles of the war was rapidly promoted until he was breveted as major of his regiment. He knew no such word as fear. In July, 1879, Major Rendlebrook was retired from the army on a charge of cowardice. While on a campaign against the Sioux Indians, shortly after the Custer massacre, the major, who had won the plaudits of the entire army by his firmness in the presence of death, showed himself to be an abject coward. On account of his previous record he was permitted to resign without being cashiered.

DEATH OF GENERAL SPINNER.

One of the Men Who Was Famous in the Days of War.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Dec. 31.—Gen. F. E. Spinner, who has been an invalid for many weeks, died this evening.

General Spinner, ex-treasurer of the United States, was made famous wherever the American greenback is known by his remarkable signature. When Mr. Lincoln became president, he was appointed to the office of treasurer, and when, under the direction of Secretary Chase, the first issue of greenback currency was sent out, the treasury note bore a signature which was unique in every respect, but which no person not acquainted with General Spinner could decipher. During the years of the war the business devolving on the United States treasurer assumed proportions of which the general's predecessors had not dreamed. He organized his department with remarkable celerity. Vast sums of money were handled, the result being that the millions which passed through the general's hands were accurately accounted for to the last farthing. The record he made in the service of the government is as honorable and as praiseworthy as it is possible for any American citizen to leave as the heritage to those who follow him. General Spinner was a man of genial temperament and of extremely modest manner. He was entirely without ostentation, unassuming in fidelity, popular with those about him and upright in every walk of life. For many years he has spent much of his time in comparative retirement, preferring the surroundings of a pleasant home which he made for himself in Florida. For some time he has suffered from a cancer which cost him the sight of one of his eyes and his death has been anticipated by his family for many weeks. He was 89 years old. In his death is ended the career of one of the most interesting men brought into prominence during the years of the rebellion.

RESULT OF A SCHOOL WHIPPING.

The Lazy Country Boy Becomes President of a Great Railroad.

Twenty years ago or more Mrs. John M. Crowell, then Miss Grant, was the teacher of a country school near Yellow Springs, Ohio. Among her pupils was an orphan boy whom the principal farmer of the district had found in Illinois and had taken to raise. The boy was capable and bright, says the *Atchinson Globe*, but he lacked application, and on that account was never prepared in his lessons. Miss Grant complained of the boy's shortcomings to his adopted father and was advised to wear a hickory gad out upon him. She hesitated, for the boy was big and strong, although good natured. But the father insisted and after warning the boy several times she one day used the hickory upon him in the presence of the entire school. It humbled the lad and it was feared that he would run away that night. He was accordingly watched. But instead of running away he took a candle and went to his room, where the light was seen to burn the greater part of the night. The next day the boy was in his place at school as usual and throughout the day he was perfect in his lessons. The reformation was complete and the orphan became famous in the district.

Miss Grant came west and married Mr. Crowell. A few years ago, while Mr. Crowell was still in the service of the postoffice department, he was riding over the Fort Scott & Wichita road. The conductor was new to the business and was averse to recognizing Mr. Crowell's credentials. But the president of the road happened to be in his car, attached to the rear of the train, and the credentials were referred to him. Pretty soon the president appeared in person, and led Mr. Crowell back into his car. "Your wife, sir, made me president of this road," he said. "If it had not been for a whipping she once gave me I would be now a plodder on the farm." It was Francis Tierney, grown to be rich and famous, all from the school teacher's severe discipline. Mr. Tierney soon after called in his special car at Atchison with his wife to see Mr. Crowell. He is now a millionaire and is building a railroad from Salt Lake to Los Angeles.

ON THE INCREASE.

Business Failures for 1890 Show a Big Total.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—The business failures occurring throughout the United States for 1890, as reported by Dun, are 10,907 in number, being 25 greater than 1889. The liabilities show a very large increase over 1889, being \$189,000,000 as against \$148,000,000, an increase of \$41,000,000. These are the largest liabilities since 1884 when they amounted to \$226,000,000.

Six Popes Discovered.

ROME, Dec. 31.—At a meeting of the Pontifical academy of archaeology it was announced a basilica in the church of St. Sylvester had been discovered containing the tombs of six popes, including that of Sylvester, who occupied the papal chair from 314 to 336, A. D.

Burned the Electric Plant.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—A fire early this morning destroyed the works of the People's Electric Light and Power company in South Chicago. The loss is \$30,000; insurance \$8,500.

DYING YEAR AT BOZEMAN

Fair Women and Brave Men Have a Jolly Time of It.

A SCENE OF PLEASURE

Only One Little Incident That Marred the Happiness of the Occasion. But It Wasn't Important.

Special to the Standard.

BOZEMAN, Dec. 31.—Bozeman is lively to-night. Half a foot of snow fell last night and cutters are flying to and from Spiehl & King's hall, where they are having a grand ball. Those who are not at the ball are holding watch at the churches or gathered in parties to watch the old year out and the new year in.

Hiram Thompson and Miss Mattie Chaplain from near Logan were married at the Frazier house this evening. Rector Lewis of the Episcopal church officiating. The electric light plant of the Bozeman hotel is in fine working order and the whole building was lighted to-night. The lights from a hundred rooms shone out into the streets and were a fine sight.

Frank Shepley was playing a quarter on the high card to-night when a stranger picked up his bet. Shepley told him it was his bet, and was given the lie. Shepley knocked the man down and then asked for the quarter. The man would not give it up and a fight ensued which resulted in Shepley knocking the man around the room in pretty rough style. Although the man's face was battered and blood flowed freely the stranger would not give up the quarter.

Colonel Bradshaw of Butte arrived to-night. He is here to look up more real estate.

THE SNORING STOPPED.

Quite an Amusing Venture on the Ganges.

From the New York Ledger.

On sailing up the Ganges my boat happened to be moored by the side of a large budgerow (a Bengal pleasure boat), in which a somewhat choleric gentleman was, as I conceived, at rest. All his boatmen and servants, to the number, I dare say, of 25 or 30, were sleeping, rolled in their white shawls, upon the roof of the apartment in which he was lying, which rose like a poop above the deck. It was a beautiful night, and in the neighborhood of Colgong, one of the most romantic parts of the river.

I was seated on the deck, although it was past midnight, enjoying the scene, when my contemplations were disturbed by an unusual splashing in the water. On turning in the direction of the noise I saw the men leaping and tumbling into the river from the boat of my passionate neighbor, who was standing like a madman on the deck, brandishing a stick over their heads. Never shall I forget the scene. The man lit up his bald head, for he had thrown his nightcap at one of the people in a rage at not being able to reach him with his stick. The boatmen, who are always expert swimmers and did not seem to lose their presence of mind by the sudden transition, very soon reached the shore and grazed in astonishment, as I did myself, at the comedy in which they had taken such unexpected and conspicuous parts. I conceived some terrible offense must have been given to have called for such an uncompromising severity, for every one was driven from his berth. I was soon relieved from my suspense, however. The victor strutted two or three times over the deserted field; then turning toward the routed enemy, who had seemed ready to rally on the banks, shook his stick at them and cried out in Hindustanee:

"I'll teach you to snore, you scoundrels!"

This ludicrous explanation of the whole mystery affected the crew as it did myself, and a loud laugh was the reply. So extravagant a punishment for so natural a fault, they thought it absurd to think further about, and with the greatest good humor, not willing, however, to run the risk of a second fight, they kindled a fire and quitted round their pipes, and laughed at the event, till it was time to prepare for sailing.

It is not likely so touchy a traveler would give a favorable account of the people he traveled among, so he was always one of their most violent abusers. Poor man! The recollection of his fate almost rebukes me for having written the above anecdote. He was murdered a short time afterwards, on the banks of the river, in his progress to Cawnpore.

Yonder He-Goes.

BUTTE, Dec. 31.—G. H. Macdonald has concluded arrangements for the purchase from D. C. Luse, Esq., Great Bend, Kan., of the greyhound dog Yonder He-Goes, who was one of the dividers of the open all-gated stake at Great Bend, Kan., in October, 1890. This dog was got by imported Trales, winner of the same stake in 1889, and the American Field Champion cup; dam, Arthur's Gipsy, a fast and clever bitch. Yonder He-Goes beat his sire Trales in this year's stake. He is a young dog and is now in fine condition. Mr. Luse sends the dog on trial and is confident that he can beat any of the greyhounds now owned in Butte. He will be shipped January 5.

Unprofitable Eiffel Tower.

The stockholders in the Eiffel tower enterprise are feeling blue just now in consequence of the steady diminution of their receipts. In the season now closing 665,000 francs were taken in. The cost of keeping the tower open was \$50,000 francs and 300,000 more were spent for repairs. Next year the small profits of this year will be wiped out, it is expected, and a considerable deficit will appear in place of it. In view of this probability, 168,000 francs were reserved for future use from the profits of the exhibition year.

Foremen Held Responsible.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—William Williams, Joseph Turner, John and Lewis Weber and Charles Asb, foremen, were held accountable for the accident to the brewery which resulted in the death of two men yesterday. They were bailed to-day in the sum of \$8,500.

English Gold In Demand.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—A special dispatch from London received to-day on Wall street says it is rumored a large demand is being made on the bank of England for gold for shipment to New York. Germany continues its demands. The bank charges 6 per cent. for loans.

He Got It.

From the Harper's Bazar.

"Papa, young Harry Sampson is coming to see you to-night."

"What for?"

"To ask you for my hand."

"Well, shall I give it to him?"

"Yes, I have just heard that he proposed to Helen Armstrong and was rejected last week. Give it to him, papa, for all you are worth."

BONDS AND STOCKS.

Ups and Downs in Market Values on the Stock Exchange.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—The stock market to-day was fairly active. The failure of Bateman & Co. had no effect other than a sensational one. The opening prices in many cases were lower than last night's figures, but the market underwent a sharp change for the better before the end of the first hour. The close was dull but firm at or near the best prices of the day. Final changes are almost invariably advances.

Government bonds steady.

Closing stocks:

U. S. 4's registered	121 1/2	N. Y. preferred	64
U. S. 4's coupon	121 1/2	Northwestern	35
U. S. 4's reg. and	121 1/2	N. Y. preferred	34
U. S. 4's coupon	123 1/2	N. Y. Central	100 1/2
American Express	111	Oregon Imp't	15
Canada Pacific	73 1/2	Oregon Sav'g	12 1/2
Central Pacific	29	Oregon Short Line	19
Rock Island	29 1/2	North American	11 1/2
St. Paul	31 1/2	Pacific Mail	34
St. Paul & Omaha	22 1/2	Reading	20 1/2
Union Pacific	43 1/2	Rock Island	20 1/2
U. S. Express	66	St. Paul	31 1/2
Western Union	26 1/2	St. Paul & Omaha	22 1/2
Am. Cotton Oil	36	Union Pacific	43 1/2
		U. S. Express	66
		Western Union	26 1/2
		Am. Cotton Oil	36

Boston Stock Market.

BOSTON, Dec. 31.—The following were the closing quotations:

Atch & Tol. 1st 7s	28	Mex. Cen. Com.	19 1/2
" 2nd 7s	28	" 1st mor. bds.	100
" 3rd 7s	28	" 2nd mor. bds.	100
Burlington	89 1/2	San Diego	16

Money Market.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—Money on call closed offered at 3.

Prime mercantile paper, 7 1/2%.

Sterling Exchange—Quiet and firm; 60 day bills, \$4.79; demand, \$4.83 1/2.

Bar silver, 1.03.

Petroleum Market.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—Petroleum, opened weak and closed steady.

London Money Market.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—Closing: Consols, money, 95 1/2; account, 95 1/2; United States 4s, 124 1/2; 4 1/2s, 106.

Money, 5 per cent.

Bar silver, 47 1/2 d.

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The Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City railway has issued one of the handsomest calendars we have yet seen for 1891.

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